

## PORTRAIT OF RIZAL WILL GO ON STAMPS

Secretary Taft Selects Face of Tagalog Patriot as Most Appropriate for Postal Emblem in the Islands.  
Shot in the Luneta.

Secretary Taft has ordered that the portrait of Jose Rizal, Filipino poet and patriot, be placed on the new issue of Philippine postage stamps. In addition this Government has made a handsome donation to the fund which is being raised to build a monument in Rizal's honor in Manila. The monument is to be placed in the Luneta, Manila's famous park, on the same spot where Rizal was publicly shot by his enemies some six years ago.

Secretary Taft, whose long service in the Philippines made him familiar with conditions there, has selected Rizal as the greatest type of statesman and patriot the Filipino people ever produced. Rizal fought constantly with sword and pen to free his people from the oppression of corrupt priest rule. He wrote a poem called the "Eagle's Flight," which is regarded as the epic of the islands. It is an inspired appeal to arouse patriotism among the Filipino people at the time they were oppressed and suffering from misrule. Rizal led a romantic career. He was a native Tagalog and by profession was an oculist, having been educated abroad. Moved by patriotic motives he devoted his life to the interests of his race, believing that they could be lifted to a higher plane if given a fairer government by Spain. He did not advocate complete independence. On the night before his execution Rizal was married to a beautiful English woman. The marriage was performed in his cell and immediately afterward his bride was torn away from him. That same night Rizal sat in his cell and wrote his now famous poem. The next morning he was led out and shot in the Luneta.

## FILIPINO PATRIOT WHO WILL HAVE MONUMENT IN THE CITY OF MANILA



JOSE RIZAL,

Led a Romantic Career in the Far-Away Archipelago and Was Publicly Executed by His Enemies.

## MULLOWNY TO PROBE DEATH OF BULLARD

District Attorney Morgan H. Beach has charged Assistant District Attorney Alexander R. Mullowny with the investigation of the circumstances under which Prof. Otis T. Bullard recently met his death near Ninth and M streets northwest.

Prof. Bullard died from the effects of injuries received by being struck and knocked down by a bicycle ridden by Joseph Meyers. The latter was held in the Police Court in \$1,000 bond to await the result of an investigation.

All persons known to the police or to the District Attorney who were witnesses to the accident or who may know anything which will throw light on the matter will be summoned to the District Attorney's office Monday or Tuesday next, to give testimony relative to the affair.

## AMOUNT NEEDED IS REDUCED TO \$15,667

The amount of the building and furnishing fund of the Young Men's Christian Association to be raised by midnight May 1, was reduced yesterday to \$15,667.

This was made possible by the gift received during the day from B. H. Jones, Jr., a steel magnate of Pittsburgh, of \$5,000, and the contributions of more than 200 persons in this city. Although it is regarded as a hard struggle, it was said at headquarters last night that the entire amount will be secured in the time allowed.

## INVISIBLE COAT OF SLATE FOR ALL TORPEDO BOATS

It has been decided to change the color of the torpedo boats and the torpedo boat destroyers which have hitherto appeared in a shade of green. A slate color it has now been ascertained will better answer the purposes of partial invisibility so greatly desired in connection with a war vessel and, most of all, useful in the case of small craft.

Practical experiments in home waters have shown that the slate color of torpedo boats adds to the difficulty of their discovery by an observer. The change is of such importance that Secretary Morton, on the recommendation of the strategists, has issued orders to have the appearance of the boats altered at once.

## COMMODORE NICHOLSON HAS A SLIGHT RALLY

Commodore Somerville Nicholson, who has been seriously ill for the last few days at the residence of his son, Commander Nicholson, of the Tacoma, 2019 Nineteenth street, was feeling much better last evening.

The condition of the commodore is serious and the change last evening was only considered as a slight rally.

## STILL WORSE TO BE HAD.

Mrs. Shrewsbury—Is that the very best excuse you can put up for not coming home till 2 o'clock this morning?  
Husband—Yes, dear; if you're not satisfied with that I'll have to tell you the truth.—Detroit Free Press.

## FROM A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

"General," I asked the Japanese commander, "is there no 'Fighting Thirtieth,' 'Fighting Twenty-second,' 'Fighting Thirty-third' or 'Fighting Fifty-first' in the army?"  
"No," he replied, "the word 'fighting' has not been applied to any regiment in the army."

## SWINDLED THE CZAR.

Early in his reign Czar Nicholas caught a bad head cold, and asked a humble subject how this annoying ailment could be cured. The advice given was that the imperial nose should be anointed at night with tallow from a common candle. Years rolled on, and one day, by a mere accident, the Czar had the chance of looking through a book of household expenditures, and was amazed to find he had been charged for a pound of tallow candles every night since.

## WALTHAM WATCHES.

How a WALTHAM WATCH set England's time.

26 Ormiston Road, Westcombe Park,  
London, S. E.  
England, 10-2-'97.

American Waltham Watch Co.,  
Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.

GENTLEMEN: About three years since, acting on the advice of a friend who had had one of your watches for about eighteen years, I purchased a Lever Waltham Watch. I am happy to say it has turned out a marvel of accuracy, and under the circumstances I feel I am only doing my duty in bringing this fact to your notice. . . . But perhaps its most unique performance, and the one of which I am especially proud, is the fact that by its aid I was able to detect an error in the fall of the time-ball at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, which gives the standard time to the civilized world. It happened as follows: I make a practice of watching the fall of the time-ball each day at one o'clock p. m., whenever the air is clear enough, and one day, to my surprise, I found the ball had dropped some few seconds before I had expected it to. I had such confidence in my watch that I did not believe it was at fault, and felt sure that some mistake had been made

at the Observatory. On telling some of my friends of my convictions, I was simply laughed at for my impudence in daring to pit my Waltham watch against the accuracy of the Royal Observatory. However, to set the matter at rest, I wrote to the Astronomer Royal, telling him of my conviction, and asking him if he would let me know whether I was right or wrong. In return I received a courteous reply from the Astronomer Royal, stating that I was quite right, and that on the day named, owing to an accident, the ball was dropped about eighteen seconds too soon. This seems to me such a remarkable proof of the reliability of your watches that I feel justified in bringing it to your notice. If you would care to have the Astronomer Royal's letter as a memento, I should be pleased to hear from you to that effect. Wishing every success and prosperity to your deservedly world-famed Company, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,  
THOMAS WHEATE.

## The reply from the Astronomer Royal.

Royal Observatory, Greenwich,  
London, S. E.  
1894, March 10.

DEAR SIR: In answer to your letter of yesterday the Astronomer Royal requests me to inform you that on Thursday last the time-ball was, through an accident, dropped about eighteen seconds before one o'clock.

Yours truly,  
H. P. HOLLIS.

T. Wheate, Esq.

"The Perfected American Watch," an illustrated book of interesting information about watches. free upon request.

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,  
Waltham, Mass.

Washington, D. C., April 26, 1905.

Editor "Times,"

City.

Dear Sir:—

Twenty years ago I came to Washington a young man, filled with ambition. I was one of the first in my part of the country to pass a Civil Service examination, and I entered the departmental service with strong hopes of developing what abilities I had and rendering a good account of them by working for the government. Today every chance of doing anything with my abilities is gone. I am a hack, hemmed in by the restrictions and little politics of one of the departments, and I am utterly unable to get work anywhere else. In the retrospect of forty-four years, my life is a decided failure.

I have written out the story of my transformation clearly and honestly. I have found it necessary to change names, of course, but all the other details are accurate reports of my own experience.

I believe that if the young men of today could read my story, they would find it a powerful warning against entering a service where individual ability counts for nothing, or almost nothing, and ambition is stifled beyond hope. For that reason I hope you can find room in your paper for the enclosed, with the understanding that, if you use it, you are to edit out none of the facts. If you cannot use it, please return it to the address on the enclosed slip.

Very truly yours,

*A Bog in the Wheel—*

Facsimile of letter that accompanied the manuscript.

# The Life Story of a Department Clerk

A remarkable narrative of twenty years' actual experience in the Government departments, tracing a career begun in ambition, chilled by disappointment, stopped by discouragement, and ended in indifference.

The writer says his experience is representative of the experience of all department clerks.

You can judge for yourself by reading his story. It begins in

Next Sunday's  
Washington  
Sunday Times